

NEREIDES:

OR,

Sea-Eclogues.

Venus orta mari.

Sic, sic juvat ire sub undas.



L O N D O N,

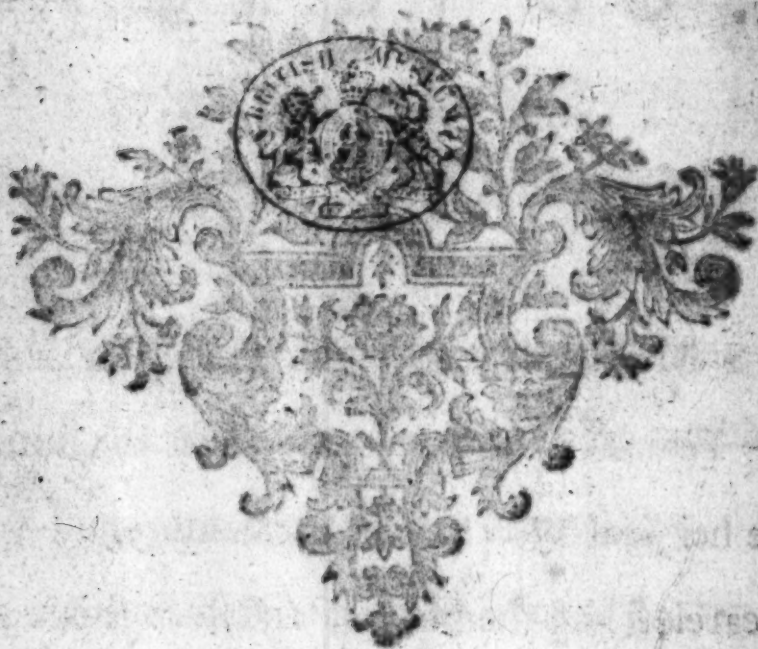
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NEREIDES

O.R.

Sea-Eclipses

See the front of the volume.



NEW YORK

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TO
Mr. CONGREVE.

AS Merchants whose sunk Trade, and ebbing
(Stocks
Fear every Storm, and dread the lurking
(Rocks,
Above her real Worth their Bark ensure,
Then careless hug themselves, and sleep secure;
They hear of Wrecks, and fear no inward Pain,
But seeming Losses bring a real Gain.

So, would your Smiles protect the fearful Muse,
The vulgar Praise I would with Scorn refuse.
By you approv'd, condemn'd by all beside,
I'd court my Fate, and swell with careless Pride,
Since novel Treats our modern Gusts pursue,
I hop'd at least to please by something new.
The Muse long sought the Woods, and mossy Caves,
Despis'd the Seas, and fear'd the rowling Waves,
The flowry Meadows, and the whispering Trees
Have oft been sung, and will hereafter please.
Cool shady Grots, and gently rising Hills,
And the soft Murmurs of complaining Rills,
In antient Verse describ'd their Sweets convey,
And still succeeding Bards repeat the grateful Lay.
But the vast unseen Mansions of the Deep,
Where secret Groves with liquid Amber weep,
Where blushing Sprigs of knotty Coral spread
And gild the Azure with a brighter red,

Were

The DEDICATION

iv

Were still untouch'd—
Beside the Muse has no envenom'd Rage,
No Party-wars her Innocence engage,
Nor partial Fashions stain the guilty Page.
She loves no pompous Sound, or lofty Strain,
Or soars to Sense obscure with awkward Pain,
But would plain Songs in artless Verse contrive,
And humbly modest only asks to Dive,
Joys free, and undisturb'd, and endless Loves
The Triton seeks, and ev'ry Nymph approves.

But should the harmless Pen have no Regard,
Your NAME (like sacred Spells that charm when
From blasting Tongues secures the tender Bard, ^(heard)
The beauteous Nymphs to your Protection throng,
And beg, you would not scorn the humble Song:
As Indian Travellers Wild Beasts affright
By kindled Fires, and skreen themselves with Light.

So

So Critick-wits, like other Brutes of Prey,
 From a surrounding Brightness link away
 Men dare not censure (even when they ought)
 If *Virgil* will approve what *Mantuan* wrote,

and pompily modest only asks to Dive.
~~and modestly, and modestly, and modestly~~
 The *Trojan* looks, and every Nymph approves.
 But should the harmless Pen have no Regard,
 Your *Naxos* (like sacred Spells that charm when
 from blissing Tongues secures the tender Hand,
 and beg, you would not scorn the humble Song:
 As *Indian* Travellers Wild Beasts affright
 By kindled Fires, and shun themselves with Light.

(vii)
THE

PREFACE.

I Shall not here repeat what Ælian and Pliny among the Antients, or Olaus Magnus, Rhannusius, Alvarez, and other Moderns have writ concerning Sea-Animals in human Shape; which probably gave occasion to the Nereids, Tritons, and Syrens of the Antient Poets, and all the numerous Court of Neptune and Tethys. I shall not pretend to decide whether these Marines have not sometimes (at least as to their outward Parts) been found with Bodies proportionable, and similar to ours; or whether the Sea-Nymph be (as she is usually painted) like Horace's

Mulier formosa superne.

With

viii The PREFACE.

With lovely Face, and flowing Hair

The Nereid looks divinely fair ;

But ah ! no farther seek to know,

A fisby Tail is all below.

Of this kind was the Girl kept at Harlem, who was so far rational, as to be taught to spin, to understand those about her, and to express her Devotion at Prayers. We have an Account in our English Chronicles of a Sea-Inhabitant taken entirely human. Nay, if we believe History, the Sea has (as Du Bartas expresses it) The Mitred Bishop, and the Cowled Fryar. Alexander ab Alexandro, after several other Stories of the like nature, gives us the following Relation, which because it carries with it an Air of Truth, and is somewhat agreeable, I shall translate at length. ‘ Theodorus Gaza (says he) a learned Greek, living in the Pelopponesus, saw a Nereid, with Shoals of other Fish, driven to shore by the Violence of a sudden Storm : Her Face was perfectly human, and not disagreeable ; her Body scaly, and from the middle downward she seems to have

The PREFACE. ix

‘ have been not unlike our common Sign-Post
‘ Mermaids. The People flock’d together in
‘ great Numbers to see this strange Monster ;
‘ who when she perceiv’d there was no Possibility
‘ of escaping, shew’d all the Marks of Sorrow
‘ and Distress. But when the Water had
‘ quite left her, and she saw her self expos’d
‘ as an Object of Wonder to the Multitude,
‘ she fetch’d the deepest Sighs that Grief could
‘ express, and burst out at length into a Flood
‘ of Tears. Gaza, who was a Man naturally
‘ tender, and compassionate, took pity on this
‘ distressed Lady, and perswaded the People to
‘ suffer her to return to her native Element.
The same Author tells us, that Georgius
Trapezuntius (another famous modern Greek)
affirm’d, ‘ That he saw, as he was walking on
‘ the Shore, a handsom Girl from the Wast
‘ upwards, who by her often diving seem’d
‘ sporting her self in the Water ; and when
‘ she perceived she was discovered, immediately
‘ disappear’d. However it be, the antient
Nymphs and Nereids, and the modern Mer-
maids are sufficient Grounds to free the Suppo-
sition from Absurdity, or Extravagance : And
since we have gone so far as to have found Inha-
bitants in the Planets, I hope I shall not be
con.

The PREFACE.

condemn'd for having discover'd the Manners
and Conversation of a People nearer home: Be-
sides we know, that the agreeable Images, which
may be drawn from things on Earth, have been
long since exhausted, but it will be allow'd, that
the Beauties (as well as the Riches) of the Sea
are yet in a great measure untouch'd: And those
who have made some Attempts that way, have
only given us a few Piscatory Eclogues, like the
first Coasters, they always keep within sight of
Shore, and never venture into the Ocean. Lu-
cian indeed has something of this nature, but as
his Design was chiefly to expose the Heathen
Deities, so it must be own'd that the best of
our modern Productions are owing to those hints,
which were taken from that great Wit.

NE



N E R E I D E S,

O R

Sea-Eclogues.

ECLOGUE I.

Cymothoe. Glaucus.

Cym. **T**Hink, * *Glaucus*, you were once a
fishing Swain,
Till urg'd by potent Herbs you left
the Plain;

That you were bred on Earth, you fully prove,

And thence you know to feign deceitful Love.

* *Glaucus was a Fisherman, who by eating a certain Herb is feign'd
to have been chang'd into a Sea-God.*

B

But

But think, Ingrate, when first you hither came,
 How strange you look'd, how awkwardly you swam.
 When artless first you try'd the unknown Sea,
 I taught you how to plow the liquid way;
 I show'd you all the Secrets of the Deep,
 And vaulted Rocks where weary *Tritons* sleep.
 I show'd you Islands yet unknown to Men,
 Where wanton *Nereids* meet, and sport unseen.
 Oft have I wound in Plaits the yielding Reed,
 And plac'd the well-wrought Garland on your Head.
 Oft have I choicest Fish with Labour caught,
 And the sweet Prey to you a Present brought.
 To me in vain love-sick *Palamon* cry'd,
 While I regardless past with fullen Pride;
 Oft the kind Youth would near *Cymothoe* swim,
 And fondly ask, if I would bath with him.
 Yet you, an Earth-born Wretch, ungrateful prove,
 No more *Cymothoe*, but *Cyano* love;

Blue-

Blue-ey'd *Cyano* love, that matchless Pair,
 Tho' flat her Nose, and thin her falling Hair;
 The Nymph, whom most despise, and none admire,
Glaucus alone pursues with fond Desire.
 Since then I am (too credulous) betray'd,
 I'll live no more a wretched worthless Maid;
 Since you are false, I'll leave the hated Sea,
 And yield my self to Fishermen a Prey,
 I shall on Shore be as a Monster shewn,
 And trumpeted for Pence thro' ev'ry Town,
 While you well-pleas'd with lov'd *Cyano* toy,
 And in some conscious Cliff the beauteous Nymph
 (enjoy.
 Thus sadly plaining fond *Cymothoe* said,
 And *Glaucus* thus appeas'd the angry Maid.

Glauc. *Cymothoe* wrongs her *Glaucus*, and her self,
 To think I languish for that scaly Elf.
 The wanton Nymph indeed has often strove
 To bribe my Service, and engage my Love,

With Gifts of shining Pearls, and thought to please
 With coral Twigs, and fragrant Ambergriefe,
 But still I fought the trifling Maid to shun;
 (Your Love preserves what first your Beauty won)
 Nor shall I e'er that happy Time forget,
 When first I left my Boat, and Fishing-Net;
 And how you taught me artfully to swim,
 To dive for Pearls, and steepy Rocks to climb;
 You taught to hunt the Shark, and boldly stride
 The flouncing Horse, and quell his foamy Pride.
 Believe not, Fair, that I can prove untrue,
 Or any Water-Beauty love, but you.
 No, first the Waves shall lose their biting Salts,
 The Winds shall cease to sound in hollow Vaults,
 And wanton Fish shall leave their native Seas,
 And bask on Earth, or browse on leavy Trees.

Cymo. If *Glaucus* will be kind, and constant prove,
 Let us review those Scenes of former Love,

And

And sink embracing to th' Abyſs below,
 Where ſpiry Herbs, and lovely Coral grow ;
 The Ocean has its Groves, and gloomy Shades,
 And chryſtal Springs below, and cooling Glades.
 And you once thought that nothing here cou'd pleaſe,
 But we have fairer Meads, and taller Trees
 Than you on Sun-burnt, ſapleſs Earth cou'd boaſt,
 Whoſe fading Beauties are too quickly loſt.
 The Glories of their Spring are ſoon defac'd
 By miry Storms, and toſt by ev'ry Blaſt.

But ſee, the Birds in noiſy Troops are join'd,
 Hear the diſtant Murmurs of the Wind,
 The Vapours into dark Confuſion blend,
 And will e'er long in ſudden Spouts deſcend.
 The angry Waves begin their uncouth Noiſe,
 And teeming Clouds bring down the falling Skies,
 Haſt then, my *Glaucus*, to thoſe peaceful Meads
 And reedy Plains, where hoary *Phorcys* feeds

His

His numerous Herds; where neither Storms nor Ra
 Molest the Trees, nor incommode the Swain;
 Where unmixt Waters are as Chrystal clear,
 And warm as Summer glooms, and fine as Air.
 A faintish Light shines thro' the watry Green,
 And lets us see enough, but—not be seen,
 The spangl'd Glories of the Plain reveals
 With Pebbles checquer'd, and with Azure Shells.
 Dive, *Glaucus*, swift, and let us sinking move
 Down to the Center of the World, and—Love.

ECLOGUE II.

Melvin, Laron : Two Tritons.

Mel. **B**E still fond Youth, and cease the ruful
(Noise,
that wide-mouth'd Base ill-fuits a squeaking Voice :

the Shepherds ruder Pipe, or Sailors Crowd
s sweetly echoes, and almost as loud.

Lar. Rail on, poor *Melvin*, and with Envy swell,
while *Pholoe* commends the tuneful Shell.

he fwears beside, I fing like am'rous Swains,
then with alternate Loves they chear the fmiling
(Plains.

Mel. Begin, if thou art skill'd in tuneful Lay,
now whifpering Breezes gentle Sounds convey.

the noify Winds in bolted Caves are preft,
and now the *Halcyon* builds her wavering Neft.

Lar. I have obferving paff thro' different Climes,
can fix the Seasons, and adjust the Times,
And

And know what Stars, when they oppose or meet
Will cause or stormy Winds, or falling Sleet.

Mel. I've seen the Deep o'er-spread with string
(Weed)
And depthless Waters look like verdant Meads.
I know far distant Isles in Northern Seas,
Where Birds from Insects grow, and hang on Trees.

Lar. The Moon commands the Waves. He
(changing Face)
Disturbs the whole, and stirs the watry Mass;
But there are Seas, which no such Influence know
And Rebel-Tides, that without Order flow.

Mel. Tho' now 'tis calm, I know those Magic
(Spells)
Can raise the sleeping Winds from rocky Cells:
The lowring Heav'n looks then with sadder Hue,
And dismal Storms, and frightful Wrecks ensue.

Lar. When fatal Rocks have split the broken Ship
And shrieking Mortals sink into the Deep,
If *Laron* hears the Cry, he often saves,
And buoys the floating Wretch amidst the angry
Waves.

Lar. On yonder Rock I tun'd the passive Air
 and *Pholoe* thought her Sister Syren there.

The wanton Dolphins joyous danc'd around,
 routing the Waves, and frisk'd at every Sound.

Mel. In that same Cliff *Cyano* sleeping lay,
 with lab'ring haste I cut the yielding Way :

He came, and she glad of the kind Surprise
 all feign'd a Sleep, and clos'd her waking Eyes.

Lar. *Ino* repents, and would at length be kind;
 that she's as fickle as the Morning Wind :

to me her Tears and Glances are no more
 than crackling Bottles on the frothy Shore.

Mel. In steepy Rocks the Sea-fowl make their Nest:

Take heed, ye Birds; for an unwelcome Guest

will steal the speckled Eggs, and give the Prey

to a kind Nymph, that sports in yonder Bay.

Lar. *Peleus*, earth-born, his *Thetis* has enjoy'd,

at the Wood-Nymph, who late at ebbing Tide

Measur'd the sandy Plain, will come no more:

Ah! would she love, I could e'en live—on Shore

Mel. The Manato his Change of Pleasure bores
Now sports in Seas, now grazes on the Coast;
Nature indulges thus th' amphibious Kind,
While to our watry Home we ever are confin'd.

Lar. Unhappy Offspring of the briny Main,
Who want a Voice to sing, or—to complain,
Tho' mute your selves, yet you in Shoals will throng
And joy to hear *Laron's* delightful Song.

Mel. Fish, *Laron*, are not mute; for even now
I hear the distant Lowings of the Cow,
While softer Breezes breath in Whispers round,
And ev'ry Wave breaks with a pleasing Sound.

Lar. See yonder gawdy Fish, that flutt'ring springs
And cuts the liquid Air with moistned Wings;
Strange is his Life, but stranger *Laron's* Fate,
Who burns amidst the Waves, and pines for Heat.

Mel. Those gilded Flyers still in Danger move,
 Shou'd by Fish below, by Birds above:

Melvin flying from *Dorinda's* Eyes
Galatea falls an easy Prize.

Lar. Old hoary *Proteus* late I sleeping found
 In a dark mossy Cave, and clasp'd him round;
 In vain to fright with different Forms he strove,
 I held him fast, and he foretold my Love.

Mel. I for *Leucippe* stole a Fisher's Net;
 She kifs'd, and vow'd, She never would forget:

they shall nothing lose by what I stole,
 To their Boats I drive a numerous Shoal.

Lar. A Trident now is mine, which *Ceyx* own'd,
 Made of a Sword-fish, and emboss'd around:

When I bestow it on the am'rous Maid,
 It will be paid, with more than Kisses will be paid,

Mel. *Laron* is courted by a lovely Fair:

Gods! I envy not the happy Pair.

Poor duskie-fac'd *Melanthe*! one wou'd think,
Like Cuttle-fish, she hid her self in Ink.

Lar. *Melanthe* still is kind, tho' coarsly made
The Nymph that's kind with Kindness must be paid
I hate the skittish Fair, that flies when wou'd,
Like fearful Tunny's, when by Sharks persu'd.

Mel. Lobsters by Instinct the Pour-control
(For if they see him, they by seeing die)
But we those Dangers seek, we ought to shun,
And court our Fate, and strive to be undone.

Lar. The Polypus, tho' chang'd, must not escape
By a false Dress, and counterfeited Shape;
So wanton Nymphs a-while with awkward Pride
Deny that Passion, which they cannot hide.
Love will revenge on those, who love inspire,
And they must heat themselves, who others set

Mel. When ebbing Tides have empty'd half the Sea
And pointed Rocks affright the distant Ship,

The *Nereids* sit, and comb their flowing Hair,

Or move in tuneful Sounds the circling Air.

But, Triton, were no Lover to be caught,

The Hair would be uncomb'd, the Song forgot.

Lar. Melvin, a Sail comes brisk before the Wind.

Cease then the Song, and may the Nymph be kind :

For should we thus appear in Human Form,

The frightened Sailor will forebode a Storm.

Ec-

ECLOGUE III.

Phorbas. Drymon. Melantbus.

Ph. I See a distant Fleet whose tow'ring Masts
 Seem a thick Grove disrob'd by Winter-blasts:
 Bold was the Man who fell'd the leavy Trees
 On floating Wood to dare th'uncertain Seas.

Dr. 'Twas Avarice that push'd those Wretches on
 To seek for distant Isles, and Lands unknown;
 While Sea-born Swains desire no foreign Oar,
 Content with Sea, and careless of the Shore.

Glaucus, a Mer-man now, (but not by Birth)
 Has told the Customs of those Sons of Earth:
 Tho' they have all that's good, and truly rare,
 Yet (envious) think their own too mean a Share;
 For foreign Toys they roam to ev'ry Shore,
 And bring Diseases home unknown before,

By

y Commerce thus Humours and Fashions blend,
 and what they scorn'd before they now commend.
 Nothing has any worth that's fixt or true,
 but things their Value raise by being new.
 Hence endless Wars engage the earth-born Slave:
 This whets their Rage, and ever makes 'em brave.
 Ate unseen saw from a distant Rock
 Two vast Machines engage in Clouds of Smoke;
 The Winds were high, and ruffled all the Main:
 But when the Fight with louder Noise began,
 And bellowing Iron-Tubes their Sulphur fir'd,
 The Gods afraid with drooping Wings retir'd;
 Pallas herself was hush'd in trembling Air;
 The Sea grew calm, and all the Sky was fair.
 O! have I punish'd that ambitious Wight
 Who thus entrenches on the Mer-man's Right:
 Who born on Earth, yet leaves his native Glades,
 And to his own prefers the watry Meads;
 Oft

Oft have I strove to burst the yielding Planks,
 And force the leaky Ship on sandy Banks:
 But see, *Melanthus* comes, who, blith and gay,
 Like a fed Porpoise frisks in wanton Play.
 What happy Chance has pleas'd the smiling Boy
 The Nymph he loves is sure no longer coy.

Mel. Ye Gods! would proud *Parthenoe* now appear
 With fiercest Rage I'd sieze the trembling Fair,
 Neither her Anger nor her Tears should move,
 My Blood's on fire, and I am full of Love.
 My Head's so wond'rous light, I scarcely find
 Whether I move on Waves or dance on Wind.

Dr. So alter'd, Triton! whence proceeds this
 So unexpected, sudden, and so strange? (Change)
 A settled melancholy Gloom, but now
 Seem'd, like a Storm, to hang upon your Brow;
 Disconsolate you look, and nought could please,
 No Herb was found to cure the fond Disease.

Mel. If I can use my Tongue, I'll tell thee, Love,
 What does my Soul to sudden Transports move:
 Meeting the scatter'd Ruins of a Wreck,
 As shiver'd Masts, Planks, and a broken Deck,
 Amidst the rest a floating Cask I found
 Popt up with artful Care, and strongly bound,
 Curious to know what was within contain'd,
 With cautious Fear I search'd; my Fingers stain'd
 Came forth all moisten'd with a juicy Red;
 But oh! the Gods ne'er on such Nectar fed.
 Pleas'd with the heav'nly Taste, and spicy Smell,
 Quaff'd full Bowls in a capacious Shell.
 O Gods! if earthy Men thus live, and drink,
 Give me the Land, the Sea's a worthless Sink.
 The precious Draughts my fainting Spirits cheer;
 Thus inspir'd no mortal Mer-man fear.
 I rule the boundless Seas, and now I reign
 Sole Lord, and mighty Monarch of the Main.

This Oil has so inflam'd my secret Fire,
I burn impatient with the fierce Desire.

No Nymph, or old, or ugly, now I scorn;
Ev'n blear-ey'd *Opis* now wou'd serve the turn,
Parthenoe hates, nor do I greatly care;

For now, the Nymph that's kind, is only fair.

Ph. Melanthus raves; what Magick Spell is this
Which feeds the happy Youth with fancy'd Bliss?
I long to taste the Juice that thus inspires
Fond Hopes, Self-pleasing Loves, and gay Desires.

ECLOGUE IV.

Muræna. Palæmon.

Mur. **F**rom this high Cliff is an unusual View,
 And here our Eyes uncommon Scenes pursue.
 See the Verdure of yon distant Plains,
 Where bleating Flocks are fed by tuneful Swains.
 But ah! how wretched are those earth-born Slaves,
 Compar'd with us, who cut thro' shining Waves?
 They are expos'd to Cold, expos'd to Heat,
 In different Seasons mourn a different Fate;
 Heavily still the wretched Caitiff moves
 To breezy Mountains, or to shelt'ring Groves.
 While we no cloathing need, no Change of Rules,
 The Sea in Winter warms, in Summer cools.
 Ec. We've seen the labouring Plowman's daily Toil
 For a new Crop to fit the stubborn Soil,

While Heav'n supplies our Wants without our Sweat
 We ne'er are hungry, but we have to eat.
 Why should we thus by partial Heaven be blest
 With neither Grief, nor Doubt, nor Toil oppress'd
 While those on Earth of Happiness despair,
 In Pain, and Anguish die, and live in Care?

Pal. I've heard (for thus the wise *Melampus* said)
 Two different Kinds of Men by Heav'n were made
 The one to swim, and sport in briny Seas,
 Th'other to range on Earth, or sit at ease,
 Under the Covert of the shadowing Trees.
 To each a Guardian Spirit was assign'd
 To guide their Passions, and inform their Mind:
 But he on Earth, ingrate! would wildly rove,
 Despis'd his Maker, and abus'd his Love,
 Enraged at this the Guardian Dæmon flew,
 And bid him his own blinded Will pursue;

Sweet thus earthy Men deserted by their Guide
 Can't rule their giddy Thoughts, nor Stem the co-
 (ming Tide ;
 blest still are doom'd Slaves to their darling Lust,
 preft all deceitful, cruel, and unjust ;
 restless Desires their wearied Soul distract,
 they know not what they are, nor,—why they act,
 while we content with what the Gods approve,
 do nought but ever sing, and—ever love.

Mur. But see——

The Tide swells on the Shore, and forward creeps,
 and with new Slime besmears the sandy Heaps.
 What makes this constant Flux, I've often thought
 The Cause is wond'rous, and in vain I fought.

Pal. The Cause is wond'rous plain ; the wise will
 (prove
 The Nature of a Fluid is to move :

In every Liquid there's a constant Rowl ;
 An Eddy, tho' unseen, disturbs the whole.

The The

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In every Liquid there's a constant Rowl ;
 An Eddy, tho' unseen, disturbs the whole.

The The

The gliding Parts with secret Motion flow ;
 Were they at rest, they would to Hardness grow
 As Washings left in Rocks, by Winters Frost
 Are fixt to solid Ice, and all the Motion's lost.

Mur. Happy are those who know the secret Cause
 Of strange Effects, and Nature's hidden Laws.
 But leave the Rocks; for rising Fogs appear,
 And cold Land-breezes chill the troubled Air.

ECLOGUE V.

Mergus. Lycon.

Mer. **L** *Ycon* begin—— begin the mournful Tale,
 You know what 'tis to love and not prevail :
 Describe *Pasithas* in his daily Moan,
 How much he lov'd, and how he was undone,

Lyc. Ungrateful *Ioessa*, vainly coy,
 And proud of youthful Charms despis'd the Boy,

has left the calmer Sea's pacifick Arms,
 here constant Heat the smiling Ocean warms.
 shun the Youth : (such is the Pow'r of Hate)
 the windy Bay is now her lone Retreat.
 vain *Pasint* has fought in ev'ry Cave,
 ev'ry Creek, and mark'd each rising Wave ;
 ev'ry Isle he rov'd with wild Despair,
 and ask'd, if *Ioessa* had been there.
 vain he has the fruitless Search pursu'd,
 she is gone, and will no more be woo'd.
 rc'd with the killing Thought the Lover sighs,
 and stills the rising Storms with louder Cries :
 while thus he sadly plains ; in mournful Rounds,
 the Air thro' hollow Rocks repeats the distant
 (Sounds,
 each winding Cavern tells the fruitless Care,
 and ev'ry Rock upbraids the absent Fair ;
 the sad Echo's which it still returns,
 seems to pity, when the Triton mourns :
 But.

But the coy Nymph, deaf to the Mer-man's Cry
 Is still unmov'd, and makes no kind Reply.
 While thus *Pasithas* plain'd, the Dolphins came
 And wept to hear his Moan; the *Nereids* swam
 In beauteous Crowds around, and thus they said
 " Weep not, fond *Triton*, for a peevish Maid,
 " Tho' she is gone let not the Youth despair,
 " For there are kinder Nymphs, and Nymphs as fair
 But, *Mergus*, Love is deaf as well as blind.
 The best Advice is thought the most unkind.
 Restless he goes from the fair pitying Throng
 To a dark Cave, where Sea-cows lay their young
 A silent Grot sad as his Thoughts he found,
 Where frightful Gloom, and Horrors late around
 There on its slimy Bottom careless laid,
 He sigh'd and wept; he sigh'd, and then he said
 Have I then lov'd to be repaid with Scorn;
 Ye Gods! 'tis hard, too cruel to be born.

What?—Have I poyson'd too the hated Sea,
 That *Ioessa* leaves her home for me?
 Had you but told; had you your Hatred shown,
 I would have lov'd unpity'd, and unknown;
 By my own Flight I had prevented yours,
 And, banish'd hence, retir'd to distant Shores,
 Where rigid lasting Cold, and Northern Blasts
 O'er whiten'd Lands a pearly Shining cast;
 Where Icy Flakes like floating Isles appear,
 And fiercely meet; the Noise you'll dread to hear,
 Nor can your tender Limbs the piercing Climate }
 Muscles in Shoals on mighty Whales attend, }
 Who feed the worthless Fish, and court the puny }
 Fierce Sharks by gentle Usage are reclaim'd, }
 But Female Pride is savage, and untam'd.
 Go then, Ingrate, whom Love could never please,
 To boist'rous Channels, and to foreign Seas,

Where Rocks like you unmov'd with careless Pride
Repulse the Waves, and check the rising Tide.

Thus the unhappy Youth was heard to moan;
The Winds to sigh, the Hollow seem'd to groan,
And dropping Tears fell from the weeping Stone.

Merg. Thy Song's more grateful than a Summer's Breeze,
Whose cooling Breath, and gentle Fannings please
And move in wanton Rings the listning Seas.

Not half so sweet, when first the Morning dawn
Are juicy Oysters, or the luscious Prawns.

But now the Sun is dipt in cooling Streams;
The twilight is no more; no doubtful Gleams.

Of weaker Light the flitting Shades divide,
But they unmixt prevail, and every Object hide.

The Sea is heard with deeper Sound to roar,
And slumbring Waters may be said to snore.

Each Nymph is stretching on her oozy Bed,
And scarce a Fish pops up his sleepy Head;

those who were clung to Rocks, the shelly Heap
 drop from their Hold, and fall into the Deep.
 Nature her self is still, her Labours cease,
 and all lies wrapt in Silence, and unactive Ease.

ECLOGUE VI.

Lycon, Anthis, Cete.

yc. **A** *Nthis* and *Cete* comb'd their flowing Hair,
 and tun'd to pleasing Sounds the trembling Air,
 While hoary *Phorcys* sat on floating Weed,
 and slowly drove th' unwilling Herd to feed.
 Attend, ye Fish, and all around me throng,
 While I repeat the Nymph's alternate Song.

Ant. Think, how to day a gentle western Breeze
 With pleasing Gales danc'd on the circling Seas,

It swept the calmer Surface of the Main,
 And smooth'd the Waters to a smiling Plain;
 But now diffusive Sweets from spicy Hills
 Are born on Eastern Winds, and waft their blends
 The Dolphins lash the Waves with bending Tails,
 And ev'ry Ship with speedy Current sails,

*Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled Mind?*

The restless Fish who left the open Sea,
 And swam to every Creek, and winding Bay,
 To th' Ocean now in Shoals return again,
 While empty Nets deceive the fishing Swain.
 Now shortning Days are griev'd by Northern Ills
 While from encreasing Cold, and snowy Wilds
 The starving Birds in numerous Flocks repair
 To happier Climates, and to warmer Air.

*Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled Mind?*

Tho' late the Tides have threatned all the Coast,
 Now, since the waning Moon her Strength has lost,
 They own their Weakness, and are heard no more,
 But creeping hardly cover half the Shore :
 When she directs, the swelling Floods encrease,
 And founding Waters raise the troubled Seas ;
 But when she horned frowns, the Tumults cease,
 The Waves are still, and hush'd in fullen Peace.

*Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled Mind ?*

The conscious Fish the heav'nly Motions feel,
 And thus confin'd within his native Shell,
 All dry and lean the mournful Oister lies,
 And Fishers then the tasteless Prey despise)

But when the Moon looks down all over bright,
 They juicy grow, nourish'd with heav'nly Light.

*Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled Mind ?*

Calbinoe lov'd a Triton-Youth, and swore
 Her Heart (thus fix'd by him) should rove no more
 But when repeated Loves began to cloy,
 The wiser Nymph embrac'd a kinder Boy.

Lyc. Thus *Anthis* sung, and *Cete* thus reply'd
 While angry Winds oppos'd the rising Tide.

Cete. Resistless Charms are in a lovely Face,
 But spotless Vertue has a nobler Grace.

Alcon did never yet inconstant rove,
 Or break repeated Vows, or change his Love.
 Careful he shuns the Streights, and narrow Seas,
 Where altering Scenes the fickle Mer-man please.
 For all is restless, and unsettled there;
 The Waves, and Winds alike inconstant are.
 But the unfathom'd Deep is still the same,
 And alway smiling with an easy Calm.
 The Waters here a constant Peace maintain,
 And in soft Murmurs lovingly complain.

the Winds themselves are not uncertain here,
 at their fixt Seasons know, each circling Year.

From th' East the Summer Trade-winds never fail
 to sweep the Ocean with a fresher Gale.

Such is his Love; no Change it undergoes,
 by Reason fix'd, and no Repentance knows.

Lyc. Thus said the Nymph; and now the Day
 (retires,
 While sparkling Waves appear like kindled Fires.

The distant Rocks shine with deceitful Light,
 and thus encrease the Terrors of the Night.

Ec-

ECLOGUE VII.

Sturio, Hippias, Myra.

Stur. **T**HE Waves are still, and the unclouded Day
Smiles on the murm'ring Sea with joyous Light.
Begin the Song, while wanton Dolphins play,
And the bright Sun, and pleasing Calms invite.

Hip. Happy the Youth, whom beauteous Myra loves,
No Nymph so nimbly swims, so graceful moves,
When to soft Words she tunes her artful Tongue,
The Winds themselves will listen to her Song.

Stur. *Anthia* I saw, and to my envy'd Eyes
The circling Blood with conscious Ardour flies.
When *Anthia* smiles Joy fills the swelling Veins,
Nor Winter-Calms, nor Summer's gentle Rains
Are half so grateful to the fishing Swains.

er rising Breasts are white as polish'd Shells,
 and in each part a different Beauty dwells.

Hip. When *Myra* frowns, tho' all the Sky was fair,
 the Clouds return, and thick the moist'ned Air ;
 the smiling Heav'n, when e'er she looks serene,
 puts on its Azure, and the Sea its Green.

Star. When first a Glance from *Galatea's* Eyes
 pierc'd thro' my Heart, and did my Soul surprize,
 amaz'd I fell—
 Beauty it self too powerful will affright ;

no Lightning moves so swift, or shines so bright.

Hip. The Cramp-fish touch'd benumbs with sud-
 (den Pain,
 and shivering Horror strikes thro' ev'ry Vein.

at by one distant Look from her I lov'd
 my Blood grew stagnate, and I stood unmov'd.

Star. We curse the Dog, and loath the shapeless Bat
 as sad Forerunners of unlucky Fate)

These, we deform'd, and frightful Monsters call;
 But they (each in their kind) are beauteous all;
 Fondly we love, and without Reason hate,
 And worship Idols, which our selves create.

Hip. Beauty's a shining Spark of heav'nly Fire
 That kindles in the Soul immense Desire;
 It draws with pleasing Force the willing Mind,
 Beauty divine like this we seldom find;
 Few things are truly fair, tho' perfect in their kind.

Star. Who *Myra* loves, when *Clytie* appears,
 Course restless *Thornback* to the *Sole* prefers.
 I her pale Cheeks, and languid Looks despise;
 Well may she kill; for Death is in her Eyes.

Hip. I hate the full-cheek'd Blowze, and flush
 Whose angry Red makes ev'ry Youth afraid;
 Such flaming Nymphs want ev'ry real Grace,
 They cool our Passion, while they burn our Face.

Stur. Envy is pale, and pale is sad Despair.

Can *Myra* then be pale, and yet be fair?

The Water-Lillies are a faintish Sweet.

I know an Island Grove, where Nereids meet;

Where blushing Beds of beauteous Roses grow,

From whom diffusive Smells in fragrant Circles flow.

Hip. Would *Myra* yield to love, would she comply,

Her Cheeks would colour with a fresher Die.

But tho' ev'n now she wants no graceful Charm,

Her Voice kills farther than her Eyes can harm.

Merens himself above the Waves appear'd,

He sung—and he with secret Pleasure heard,

And list'ning smil'd, and stroak'd his hoary Beard.

While *Doris* stood afar, and jealous grew,

With watchful Eyes she look'd, and fear'd what
(might ensue.

Stur. So have I heard one praise the chattering Pie,

And swear the Coots with artful Musick cry:

But hark—ev'n now I hear some distant Song,

Hip. 'Tis *Myra's* Voice; I know her warbling
(Tong
Move, *Sturio*, softly on; then sudden rise,
And in her wanton Song the easy Nymph surpris

ECLOGUE VIII.

Proteus.

P*roteus* had sent his scaly Herd to feed,
And slumber'd on a Bed of slimy Weed;
Ino and *Cete* thither chanc'd to stray,
They saw, and seiz'd him as he sleeping lay:
Anxious for Flight, now flashing Flame he seems
Now softly glides away in melting Streams.
But they fast held him, till he smiling said;
With Songs, nay more than Songs you shall be paid
He then began——

To sing of Truths unknown, unheard before,
 While all the Sea was still, and Winds were heard no
 (more.
 He sung the World's first Birth, and wondrous Frame,
 How Bodies all from one great Fluid came.
 Of different Parts compos'd, a liquid Mass
 Incessant mov'd in the unbounded Space :
 The Essence of a Fluid is confess
 To move, and to be solid is to rest)
 And as they flow, all Fluids ever bend
 To fly around, and to a Circle tend ;
 Thus a true Chaos did at first arise
 From moving Globules of a different Size ;
 But finer Atoms were more free to move,
 And with the sluggish Parts too active strove
 Till they had prest them down from those above :
 It was then th' unfullied Light did first appear,
 And the bright Æther shone unmixt with grosser Air.

At length by tedious time, and slow Degrees
 Was form'd the Center of unfathom'd Seas,
 Made of large Globules, which th' aerial Sphere
 By Motion thrust from it, and settled here;
 Then first the Ocean knew his constant place,
 And th' azure Deep unveil'd his smiling Face.
 'Tis Motion makes (when different Bodies meet)
 What Gravity we call, and pressing Weight,
 While restless Fluids ever drive below
 Bodies more solid, or—that move too slow.
 Long rowl'd the Sea, before the Earth appear'd,
 No Pastures yet were seen, no bleating Flocks were ^(heard)
 'Till th' Ocean's constant Motion closer prest
 An earthy Scum, which gathering still encreast;
 But here th' intrinsic Fluids still remain,
 And hardest Mettle will its Flux regain.
 Whene'er dissolv'd the Parts their Freedom know,
 And with new Joy again they love to flow,

He fung, how Heav'n displeas'd with earthy Man,
 Disturb'd the Seas; how all the Mass began
 To move enrag'd; The Motion thus encreas'd,
 The sinking Earth down to the Center prest;
 Such was the antient Deluge, when the Flood
 Pour'd o'er the Plains, and on the Mountains stood;
 While Earth-born Mortals too absurdly teach
 That solid Bodies to the Center reach.
 E'er Land was seen, the Ocean had its Birth,
 And now th' Abyss supports the shallow Crust of
 (Earth.
 Thus *Proteus* fung; and fung—yet more divine;
 How Souls unbody'd act, and how incline;
 That Knowledge now is at the best no more,
 But a Research of what we knew before.
 The Soul as yet to no dull Body joyn'd,
 Sees all Idea's in th' eternal Mind;
 The native Beams are fullied and obscur'd,
 And quench'd at once, in grosser Clay immur'd,
 'Till

'Till rouz'd at length by Thought, and studious Care
 Like latent Sparks with sudden Light they glare.
 Gladly the conscious Mind the Hint pursues,
 And rising Images with Wonder views;
 Now finds she long before Existence had,
 And that those Truths were rather found than made
 Thus Science grafted do's on Ignorance grow;
 Men lose to find, and turn unwise to know.
 Folly their fancy'd Knowledge do's create;
 The greatest Hardship this of human Fate,
 With Pain they learn, what they with Ease forgot.
 The God thus ended his mysterious Lay,
 When ruddy to the Waves, sunk the declining Day

ECLOGUE IX.

Palæmon, Hippias.

Pal. **T**HE hollow Winds blow hoarsly; as they
 they seem to plain, and ev'ry Puff's a Sigh. ^{(fly}

Tears follow Sighs, and now the rainy Floods
 mournful Streams descend from melting Clouds.

Hip. Too well I know, Tears are provok'd by
 grief swells the heaving Breast; then upward flies, ^{(Sighs;}
 and bursting vents it self thro' weeping Eyes. }

Then *Myra* frowns, I sudden Show'rs divine,
 the Clouds are hers, but all the Drops are mine.

Pal. See'st thou yon beauteous Arch, that now
 and gilds the watry Clouds, whose bending Horns ^{(adorns}
 look up th' admiring Sea? How bright a Show?

What lively Colours paint the shining Bow?

G

But

But ah ! how soon its waning Glories fail,
 While envious Mists, and dusky Shades prevail ?
 Such Beauty is, so flux, so quickly gone ;
Myra will soon be scorn'd, and hardly known ;
 When with wan Lips her Eyes look faint, and dead
 And all the *Cupids* of her Cheeks are fled.

Hip. No kind Amusement can my Thoughts
 My Soul is fix'd, and all the Theme is Love. (mon)

Her rising Cheeks set round with flowing Hair
 Like the bright Moon in dewy Nights appear,
 When circling Halo's guard her from the Sight
 Of meaner Stars, and shine with borrow'd Light
 Her Lips, that dear, soft, pouting juicy Pair
 (Whose Breathings sweet as Eastern Breezes are)
 Invite to Love, and yet deny the Bliss,
 Kisses invite, but they refuse to kiss.

Pal. Ungrateful Love born of a beauteous Face,
 's Parent rudely kills, spoils ev'ry Grace,
 and sullies youthful Bloom with a too kind Em-
 (brace.
 When once the Nymph yields up her envy'd Charms
 To be rifled in the Triton's Arms,
 She grows unweildy, and her Cheeks look pale;
 Flow'rs by handling fade, so all their Colours
 (fai.
Hip. Since Beauty fades, why should the Nymph
 (be coy?
 Watch then with eager Hast the fleeting Joy.
 In spite of wrinkled Age, and eating Time
 I'll still know that Beauty once was mine.
 When Action's past, I'll on Reflection live,
 And the Remembrance shall the Bliss revive;
 Each luscious Food will ever leave a Taste.
 What cannot reach the Pleasure that is past.

ECLOGUE X.

Meroe, Otys.

Meroe. O Tys, begin——

Since he is gone, I'll fetch him to my Arms

By sacred Spells, and Force of Magick Charms

Search in the Slime, you'll find the Cramp-fish the

That, chilling stops whatever swims too near:

You'll find the Fish, that stays the labouring Ship

Tho' ruffling Winds drive o'er the noisy Deep:

So *Phorbas*, while from me he perjur'd flies,

Is struck benumb'd, and fix'd with strange Surprize

Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know

What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.

Take here, and drain the Sepia's inky Juice,

Sprinkle the Sea, and say, I thus infuse

ad gloomy Thoughts into the perjur'd Swain,

Till he relenting sigh, and turn to love again,

Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know

What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.

Wreath three times thrice three Reeds, and sey'n

The Chaplets wave (strange Vertues have been

Numbers hid; and Energy divine,

in figur'd Spells, and the mysterious Trine.)

Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know

What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.

Take here the rav'nous Dog, and wound him thro',

Then cry aloud, Phorbas, I strike for you;

So may his Soul be pierc'd with fretting Pain,

Till he relenting sigh, and turn to love again,

Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know

What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.

Go fetch dry Weeds; They lie on yonder Ile;
 Then raise in corner'd Squares the artful Pile,
 And force the kindled Heap with flaming Oyl:
 So may his tortur'd Soul in Anguish mourn,
 And as the Pile, so may the Triton burn.

*Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know
 What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.*

I hear the hollowing Elves, and Midnight Shriek
 Of wandring Ghosts, who now unbodied seek
 Their lost Abodes, and restless ever roam;
 Affright, ye Elves, and bring my Phorbas home.

*Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know
 What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.*

While now the Flames consume the sacred Heap
 Sing Otys; Try to lull my Soul asleep;
 Delightful Sounds, when form'd by studious Art
 Will kind Relief a while, and slumbring Ease impart

They quell sad Thoughts, and raise from black De-
 (spair
 The troubled Mind, and still the Voice of Care.

Otys. Love once assay'd to swim ; in wanton Play
 He labouring strove to cut the liquid way :

He prest the Waters with extended Arms,
 And as he mov'd, display'd a thousand Charms.

When tir'd with Sport, he would at length have
 (flown,
 His Wings were clog'd with Wet, and useless grown,
 Flutt'ring he strove, but Moisture prest him down.

The God of Love is now to Seas confin'd,
 To Triton must be proud, or Nymph unkind!

Mer. Cease, *Otys* ; see, the Flame already dies,
 Hoak'd with dark smoaky Fumes, that circling rise,
 Moisture imbib'd preserves the reeking Heap :
 And Sign !——

Nor will he burn, nor shall I cease to weep,
 In vain we strive : No artful Spell can move,
 No Charm will force unwilling Souls to love.

Ec-

ECLOGUE XI.

Eune.

EUNE a wanton Nymph, and Triton Swain
 Agreed a while to leave the boundless Main ;
 And near the Shore unseen they chose to kiss,
 Where no Sea-Rival might disturb the Bliss.
 There, all that Love could yield, the Youth enjoy'd
 'Till with fierce Joys, and eager Transports cloy'd
 She look'd, and sigh'd ; his Lips she gently prest
 Then murmuring fell, and slept upon his Breast,
 While pleasing Dreams past Scenes of Love repeat
 And cooling Breezes fan the Summer's Heat.
 Thus as she lay entranc'd, the wanton Air
 Play'd on her Mouth, and sported with her Hair
 The Boy less kind, thus as she sleeping lay,
 Rose unperceiv'd, and stole unheard away.

For Men once satiate, when the Rage is o'er,
 Will curse that Beauty, which they now adore.)
 The ebbing Tide had left the sandy Plain,
 When *Eune* wak'd, and look'd, but look'd in vain,
 And Thoughts, and black Despair pierc'd thro' her
 With Tears she saw the distant Billows rowl. (Soul,
 She found her self forsaken, and alone,
 The Triton absent, and the Water gone,
 Grievous she moan'd her Fate, and weeping said,
 Is thus my Love, my easy Love betray'd?
 Much Scorn we may expect, nay we deserve,
 When wanton Souls from steady Vertue swerve.
 But ah ! inconstant *Melvin*, and ingrate,
 When Love was ceas'd, you might have shown your
 You might have kill'd me with those faithless Hands, (Hate ;
 Rather than leave me thus on parching Sands.
 Well may you follow the inconstant Sea,
 The Waves are false, and you are false as they.

H

By

By both betray'd, with gnawing Hunger pin'd,
 I must unpity'd die, and—die for being kind.
 Farewell, ye Sister-Nymphs, believe no more,
 Nor trust the Youth, nor trust the hated Shore.
 Farewell ye distant Waves; you I forgive,
 Well might you fickle prove, and *Enne* leave,
 When he, who lov'd so much, yet cou'd deceive.
 Farewell ye sportive Fish, and beauteous Shells,
 And shining Pearls, that grow in rocky Cells,
 Whose polish'd Orbs on Twigs of Coral string
 Around my Neck the perjur'd *Melvin* hung.
 Farewell, ye Songs, that once were thought to please
 My Voice shall calm no more the list'ning Seas.
 Unhappy Fate of the soft yeilding Maid!
 Whoever loves, is sure to be betray'd.
 Thus the despairing Nymph complain'd alone
 'Till faint with Grief, and tir'd with piteous Moan

When kinder Sleep again with calm Surprise
 Sooth'd all her Pain, and clos'd her willing Eyes,
 And now returning Waves by slow degrees
 Move on the Beach, and stretch the widen'd Seas.
Melvin approaches with the rising Tide,
 And in his Arms enfolds his sleeping Bride.
Eune awake, with Wonder view'd around;
 The Sea was near, and the lost Lover found.
 Ah! do I now, or did I dream before,
 Cries the fond Nymph, when on the barren Shore
 Left by the Sea, and you so long I mourn'd;
 How were you gone, or whence are you return'd?
 Vain Dreams (reply'd the wily Youth) deceive
 Your wand'ring Thoughts, and false Impressions
 (leave.
 He said, and kiss'd the Nymph; she kiss'd again:
 He prest her close, and she forgot her Pain,

ECLOGUE XII.

Murex, Glaucus.

Mur. SEest thou yon Fleet, that slowly moves
 The Sea has scarce a Depth to bear the pressing

Gl. These ev'ry Shore has seen; all Climates know

As far as Lands extend, or Waters flow.

* *Lacon* the Chief, who guides the floating Host,

As late I heard, when near the British Coast,

Unseen I stood, while thus a fishing Swain

Half-frozen said, and to his Mate began.

i *Fish.* Pity, ye Gods, and thaw the rigid Frost,

My Hands are stiff, and all my Feeling lost.

The Moon with sharpen'd Horns looks coldly bright

And thus augments the Chillness of the Night.

Bright icy Spangles gild the shining Oar,

And snowy Flakes have whit'ned all the Shore.

* *Leake.*

How

How curst the Fate ! How hard the Fisher's Lot,
 To toil for ever thus, and toil for nought?
 Midst all the Gloom, and Horrors of the Night,
 When rambling Elves, and shrieking Ghosts affright,
 On restless Waters we are labouring tost,
 To catch the falling Ice, and hoary Frost ;
 While the soft Dames of the luxurious Town
 On yielding Beds are laid, and ev'ry Clown
 When Night draws near, unyokes the willing Beast,
 Then eats his fill ; and thus by Heav'n blest,
 On smelling heaps of Straw he takes unenvy'd Rest,
 Or else deceives a while the Winter Nights
 With pleasing Tales, and Stories feign'd of Sprites,
 With waking Care, when we at length have caught
 The mighty Prize, we so impatient sought ;
 The squeamish Town rejects it all with Scorn,
 And empty we with fruitless Pain return.

O! might I live content a Shepherd Swain,
 And sit on grassy Vales, and view the circling Plow
 How blest were I, would me the Gods allow
 To goad the Ox, and hold the bending Plow,
 Or on the rising Ridge with equal Hand
 To strow the scatter'd Seeds, and stock the ^(row'd Land) field
 Gl. Thus he; But th' aged Sire, whose hoary Head
 Had seen more Years, with calm Experience said,
 2 *Fish.* All their Fortune is of all the worst,
 Each Man (himself a Judge) is truly curst,
 Thro' Ign'rance we commend a Life unknown,
 And praise another's State, and grieve our own,
 While he as much complains; is pin'd with Care,
 And gladly would exchange his envy'd Share.
 The Gods on us a daily Feast bestow,
 For which no Price we pay, no Thanks we owe.
 The Cod (delicious Food!) Mulletts and Soles,
 And shining Mack'rell swim for us in Shoals.

Such Fare the wealthy Citizen will prize,
 Ev'n when they stink, (long kept) and we despise
 While on sow'r Herbs the Shepherds poorly feed,
 Or sapless Cheese, and Crusts of mouldy Bread;
 Or if it chance a stragling Lamb be drown'd,
 With Sighs he eats what he with Sorrow found:
 He grieves his Loss, and ever is in pain
 By snowy Winters, or by Summer's Rain.
 All do not love in clotting Fields to sweat,
 Where clayie Fallows clog the labouring Feet.
 But who's not pleas'd to walk on easy Sand,
 While waving Heaps are by the Zephyrs fann'd,
 And wanton Gales, that whistle in the Weeds,
 From flowing Grass disperse the riper Seeds.
 Who will not gather the deserted Shells,
 Or climb steep Rocks, and search the hollow Cells
 For hidden Eggs, while all the Birds in vain
 Fly forrowing round, and with loud Threats com-
 No

No earthly Fumes, or noisy Insect here
 Disturb, or taint the unmolested Air,
Venus protects the Sea, from whence she came,
 And Love in Water can preserve his Flame.
 The Nymph to leavy Woods, and shady Groves
 The Sea prefers; the Sea the Triton loves;
Lacon the Sea prefers to flow'ry Meads,
 And o'er unfathom'd Depths the Navy leads.
 While he defends our Isle from hostile Fleets,
 The Fisher undisturb'd at leisure sits;
 His Nets secure fear nought but Waves and Wind,
 Or boist'rous Fish, who will not be confin'd.
Lacon will not despise the Fisher's Cott,
 But pleasing looks, and often hails our Boat.
 If e'er he comes again, he has from me
 The choicest Spoils of all the rifled Sea,
 Buckhorn, and salted Cod, Sprats smoak'd and dry
 And Oysters, that unshell'd in Pickle lie.

Gl. He said, and from him shook the falling Ice,
When to him thus th' enliven'd Youth replies.

1 Fish. *Lacon*!—The Name has thaw'd my stag-
(nate Blood :
t springs thro' ev'ry Vein ; I feel the circling Flood.

No Midnight Chills can harm, nor falling Sleet ;

Joy fills the Soul, and spreads diffusive Heat,

Tho' the bright Moon, and ev'ry shining Star

Increase the Cold, and whet the piercing Air :

Who *Lacon* loves, him may the Nymphs attend,

And from the Shelves, and Rocks unseen defend.

Who *Lacon* hate (if there be such) may they

Dash'd in rough Storms sink down to Fish a grate-
(ful Prey.

Would he permit, I'd leave my fishing Oars,

And venture on the Main to distant Shores.

I am no Stranger to the Seas, and know

What 'tis to dance on Waves, when Windstoo rude-
(ly blow.

2 Fish. Fond Youth (returns the Sire) wilt thou
(compare

These rotten Boats to mighty Ships of War ?
I Whose

Whose steddly Bulks can stem the Ocean-Floods,
 And with their Masts o'er-look the flitting Clouds,
 Wer't thou to climb that Height, a strange Surprize
 Would loose thy Hold, and turn thy swimming Eyes
 Ambition suits not him, whose Birth is mean;
 The Gods despise the proud, and love the humble
Glauc. He said, and ended thus th' alternate Song
 I drove the Fish, and the unthinking Throng
 Press to their Boat, and fill the swelling Net,
 They joyous seize the Prey, and all their Pain forget

ECLOGUE XIII.

Muræna, Chromis.

Mur. **W**HO knows what Heav'ns Decree
 Or what's the certain Doom of human kind?
 Who knows his former, or his future State,
 And Secrets teeming in the Womb of Fate?

Th' Angelick Orders sure look down, and smile,
 While we still judge amiss, and still for nothing toil.
 He finds his own Defects, who thinks the most;
 That Reason makes us wretched, which we boast;
 And Men are alway prudent to their Cost.
 The Earth-born Mortal; when he round him sees
 The flow'ry Pastures, and the budding Trees,
 Is fondly proud, admires his fancy'd home,
 And thinks that all were made for him alone;
 That Heav'n to him (as Lord) this World entrusts,
 And gives a sov'reign Sway; that all things must
 Obey his Will, and gratify his Lust.
 While he forgets the Ocean's watry Mass,
 Whose boundless Depths the scanty Earth surpass;
 Where thousand different kinds of living Forms
 Lie hid in the Abyss, and brave the distant Storms.
Choro. And thousands more as beautiful as these
 (Unknown to us) may sport in distant Seas.

Who then would vainly strive with curious Pride
 To find what Heav'n has to our Search deny'd,
 When ign'rant of our home we cannot guess,
 At half the Store, and Riches we possess?
 Better would humbly we our selves contain
 Within our reach, and not indulge our Pain.
 When once the Soul shall quit this earthly Case,
 And fly unbodied in the endless Space,
 The Effences of things shall all appear,
 And naked Forms (as in themselves they were)
 Nature will then unlock her secret Store
 The Vail of Sense shall hide her Face no more,
 Mean while enough we are allow'd to enjoy,
 T' improve our Reason, and our Thoughts employ
 Loose not too much the Reins to wild Desire:
 Shrimps may not grow to Crabs, nor Orks to
 (Whales aspire
 We see enough to please our labouring Minds,
 How Nature sports her self in antick kinds,

A thousand different Forms we hourly view,
 And thro' moist Paths the flying Shoals pursue,
 Who can with all his painful Search declare
 What curious Art indents the branched Star,
 Or how in hardned Shell by shining Streams
 It imitates the Sun's diffusive Beams.

The Shark with pointed Teeth is arm'd for Prey;
 He breaks thro' all, and clears the liquid Way;
 While the fond Sucking-fish (a harmless Breed)
 With fastned Lips supply their daily need,
 And with a Mouth unarm'd they clinging feed.
 No Lovesick Nymph's, or wanton Triton's Kiss
 Is half so lasting, or so close as his.

The Urchins are by Nature fenc'd around;
 None dares approach; for with a Touch they wound.
 Wrapt up within themselves they guarded lie,
 And to their own Embrace for Safety fly,

In vain the Fishers for the *Giant* wait; should
 He leaves the Hook, and takes the easy Bait.
 So *Io*, when by Love I would have won,
 Seizes my Heart, but still secures her own.
 Fish vainly curious will each Year retire
 To fresher Streams, and novel Floods admire,
 Fools to exchange their Waves, and native Deep
 For noisy Brooks that o'er the Pebbles creep.
 They wisely are content, who don't esteem
 A tasteless River, or a shallow Stream.
 When Fishers sing the Puffens to their Boats
 Unweening press to hear the ruder Notes;
 Tho' proudly they escape th' inviting Bait,
 In softer Words they find a surer Fate,
 Who then will dare approach the Syrens Tongue,
 Or who untouch'd can hear *Leucosia's* Song?
 Tho' *Chromis* scape the Fury of her Eyes,
 Her Voice o'ertakes him, and in vain he flies.

The *Sargus* Emblem of unbounded Lust
 Is alway false, and to his Bride unjust,
 And not content o'er all the Sea to range,
 And thus pollute himself with daily Change,
 Pursues forbidden Love, and fondly dotes
 On Earth-born kinds, and courts the feeding Goats.
 But the kind Mulletts are a constant Pair;
 They (each) still fix to one, and seek no other Fair.

The bearded Prawn's a lively Instance made
 Of mutual Kindness, and of friendly Aid.
 He the gay Pearl attends with studious Care,
 And in the common Prey commands a share.
 The Pearl is dull, tho' gawdy in his Shell,
 (For Wit but seldom will with Beauty dwell)
 But the fly Prawn can secret Signs convey,
 And with a Touch forewarns to seize the Prey,
 While the deceitful Rays, and spangled Sight
 To certain Death th' admiring Throng invite.
 (Plea-

(Pleasures indulg'd repented are too late
And they like us to Beauty owe their Fate).

Mur. I see a Nymph, who in the liquid Maze
Now sporting dives, and with a Dolphin plays,
On whom I could unwearied ever gaze:
When she appears, I need no other Theme
To make my daily Care, or nightly Dream,
That fair one has enough t' engross the whole,
To take up ev'ry Thought, and fill the Soul.
Ah! might these Arms entwine that world of Love
In vain Researches I'd no longer rove;
Thus pleas'd, I'd be content to know no more,
Or to forget ev'n what I knew before.
Happily ignorant I would despise
The curious Learning of the vainly Wise.

ECLOGUE XIV.

Alcon, Chalcis.

CETE, a Nymph (conscious of Beauty) strove
 T' expose her Charms, and ev'ry Grace improve;
 Now wanton div'd, now with an haughty Air
 In circling Ringlets twist her flowing Hair,
Chalcis and *Alcon* at a distance stood;
 Their wistful Eyes with sudden Transport glow'd.
 Too soon they fear'd to lose the pleasing Sight,
 And would the Nymph to longer Stay invite.
 Alternate Songs the Rival-Youths compare,
 And changing thus engage the listning Fair.

Alcon. The Lamprey will admit the Serpent's
 (Love,
 And Nature do's th' unequal Match approve,
 But first she makes the Spouse himself disarm,
 And leave behind the Poyson, that would harm:

K

But

But we court Love with its attending Ills ;

A deadly Draught the bitter Potion fills.

Happy the Nymph, happy the Tritons were,

If those were innocent, and these sincere.

Chal. The Dolphins are to meaner Fish prefer

And made the Chief of all the finny Hêrd.

They Love promote, and the hid Nymph betray

When *Neptune* fought in vain the fearful Maid :

Tho' coy she fled, the Dolphins were as fleet,

And told the God, and shew'd the close Retreat.

So tell, ye Fish, where *Cete* hides below,

And may the God yet greater Gifts bestow.

Alcon. How can the Nymph be either true or kind

Bred up with Waves, and us'd to noisy Wind ?

Things here are cruel all ; with mutual Rage,

Devour each other, and for Food engage.

On their own Spawn the graceless Tunnies feed,

And joyous feast on the enliven'd Seed.

So wayward Beauty its own Offspring hates,
And kills the Passion, which it self creates.

Chal. All are not cruel, but some harmless feed,
And eat the Slime, or bite the swimming Weed;
Nay there are those live by a constant Kiss,
And to each other owe their Life and Bliss,
When Fishers for the Female *Sepia* wait,
If she be caught, they need no second Bait,
The constant Male will still the Fair attend,
And mocks the Net, and glories in his end.

Alc. When the mild Spring, or smiling Calms
(invite
The wanton Fish in Love, and gay Delight
Are sporting seen, but soon are hid below,
When Storms begin, and Winds in Anger blow.
But, *Triton*, there are some, who truly brave
Ev'n court the Storms, and mock the rising Wave,
So Love is heighten'd by opposing Frowns;
The corn cannot heal, but may repeat the Wounds.

Chal. I hate the Shore, for there the troubled Deep
 Rowls all its Filth, and forms a noisom Heap.
 The dying Dolphins to the Shore repair,
 Nor would in Death pollute the purer Air:
 Ev'n when a cooling Breeze from airy Fields
 In Summers Heat a kind Refreshment yields,
 I choose to stay, where depthless Waters flow,
 And sport with Fish above, or dive below.

Alc. Ah! wretched Seas, alway averse to Sleep
 Here rav'nous Fish their constant Watches keep:
 With restless Pain they cut the trackless way,
 And seize the Spoil, and feast upon the Prey,
 But tho' we wake, no Hopes the Toil repay,
 In vain by Night we sigh, or sing by Day,
 Nor may in tuneful Song our Passion tell,
 The Nymphs despise the Voice, and dread the

Chal. Art must be us'd, when Force will not prevail
 (louder Shell
 (vail
 Snares wily laid, and cunning, seldom fail.
 I've

I've seen the Crab, and how with fly Deceit,
 He patient will the opening Oyfter wait :
 Then with a Stone prevents the closing Shell,
 And tears the ravish'd Prey from its unguarded Cell.
 Th' unhappy Fish has all his Sweets expos'd,
 O'ercome by Craft, and can no more be clos'd.

Cete well-pleas'd thus far the Tritons heard,
 Then sunk beneath, and as she disappear'd,
 On *Chalcis* smil'd, for *Chalcis* was preferr'd ;
 So well he lov'd, that the transported Boy
 Could scarce sustain the vast impetuous Joy.
 While luckless *Alcon* knit his angry Brow ;
 His Looks sad Rage, and deep Resentment show,
 And quick he dives to weep unseen below.

F I N I S.

...learn the Crab, and how wisely Decid
...patient with the opening Oyster wait :
...then with a Stone prevents the closing Shell,
...and tears the ravel'd Frie from its unguarded Cell
...The unhappy Fish has all his Sweets expos'd,
...Victims by Crab, and can no more be clos'd.
Get well-pleas'd thus far the Tritons heard,
...then sunk beneath, and as she disappear'd,
...On Charles smil'd, for Charles was pleas'd ;
...so well he lov'd, that the transported Boy
...could scarce sustain the vast importunate Joy.
...While his knuckles of Ajax knit his angry Brow ;
...He Looks sad Rage, and deep Resentment show,
...And quick he dives to weep unseen below.